MARVEL®

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THE TRANSFORMERS™

AT RATBAT'S COMMAND!

Four million years ago they came from **Cybertron**, a world composed entirely of machinery . . . a world torn by an age-old war between the heroic **Autobots** and the evil **Decepticons**. These incredibly powerful living robots, capable of converting themselves into land and air vehicles, weapons and other mechanical forms, continue their conflict here on **Earth**. They are . . .

THE TRANSFORMERS

SOMEWHERE ON CYBERTRON, HOME PLANET OF THE TRANSFORMERS, A REBEL BAND OF AUTOBOTS IS IN THE MIDST OF RAIDING A DECEPTICON FUEL STORAGE DEPOT.
THEY CAME EXPECTING TROUBLE.
THEY DIDN'T EXPECT A SLAUGHTER...
YOU'D THINK AN ENTIRE SQUADRON OF DECEP-TI-DOPES WOULD HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN SLAG A GANG OF AUTOBOT JUICE-BOOSTERS!
FUEL STORAGE SECTION
MAYBE THEY RAN OUT OF VICTIMS FOR THE SMELTING POOL, CHASE!
'NOT FUNNY, FRESHY!
NEITHER IS GETTING MORE NICKS AND DENTS ON ME THAN FROM OUR LAST SIX MISSIONS COMBINED, SEARCHLIGHT.
QUIT YOUR HOOKIN' AND KEEP SHOOTIN', WIDE LOAD!
THE CUBE!

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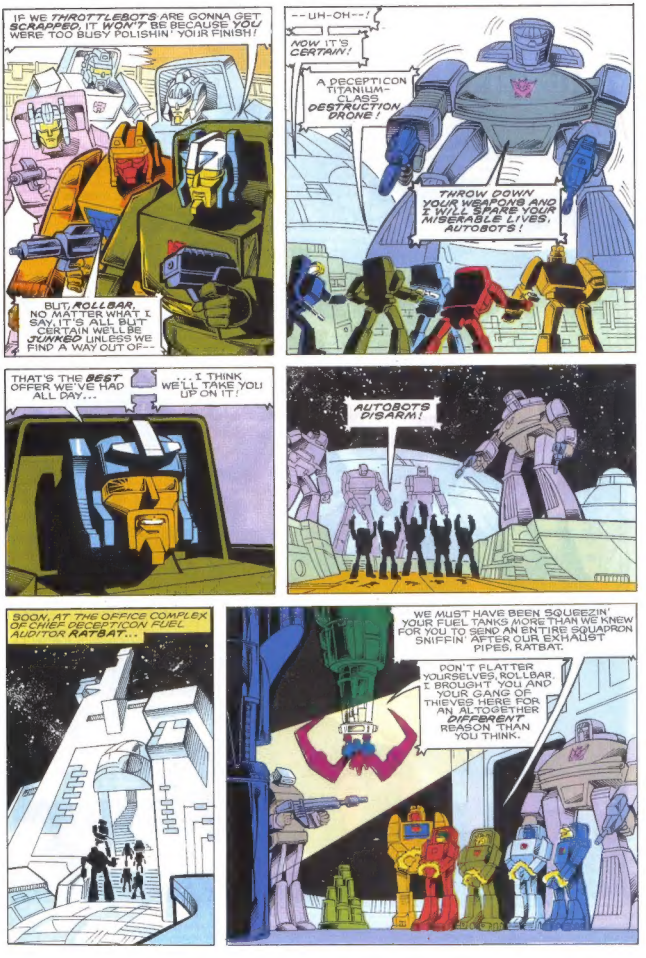
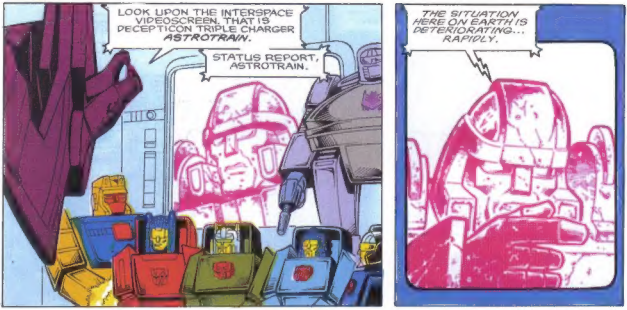
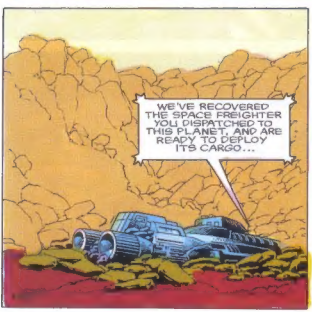

IF WE THROTTLEBOTS ARE GONNA GET SCRAPPED, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE YOU WERE TOO BUSY POLISHIN' YOUR FINISH!
BUT, ROLLBAR, NO MATTER WHAT I SAY, IT'S ALL BUT CERTAIN WE'LL BE JUNKED UNLESS WE FIND A WAY OUT OF--
--UH-OH--!
NOW IT'S CERTAIN!
A DECEPTICON TITANIUM-CLASS DESTRUCTION DRONE!
THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND I WILL SPARE YOUR MISERABLE LIVES, AUTOBOTS!
THAT'S THE BEST OFFER WE'VE HAD ALL DAY...
...I THINK WE'LL TAKE YOU UP ON IT!
AUTOBOTS DISARM!
SOON, AT THE OFFICE COMPLEX OF CHIEF DECEPTICON FUEL AUDITOR RATBAT...
WE MUST HAVE BEEN SQUEEZIN' YOUR FUEL TANKS MORE THAN WE KNEW FOR YOU TO SEND AN ENTIRE SQUADRON SNIFFIN' AFTER OUR EXHAUST PIPES, RATBAT.
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELVES, ROLLBAR. I BROUGHT YOU AND YOUR GANG OF THIEVES HERE FOR AN ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT REASON THAN YOU THINK.

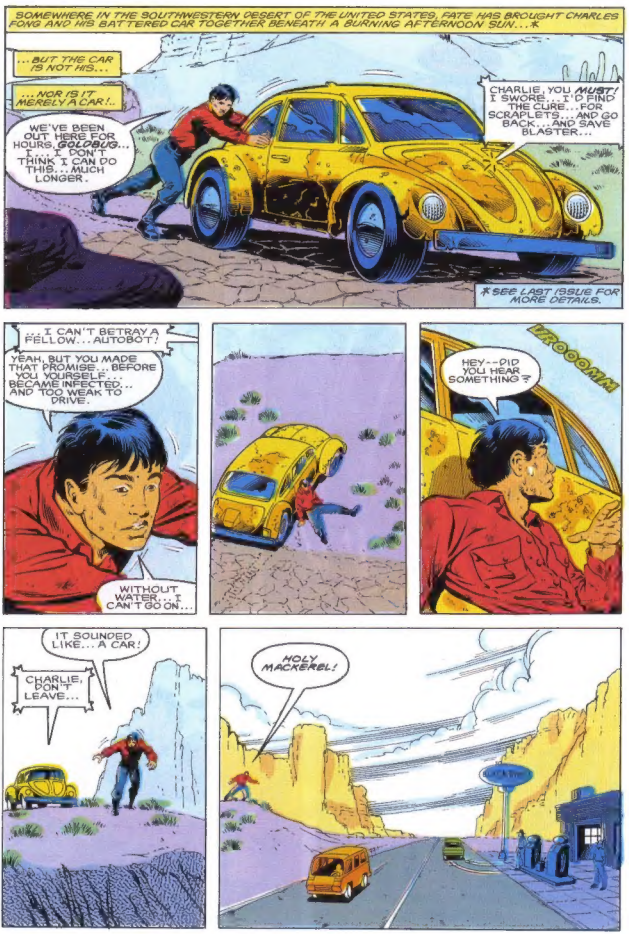

LOOK UPON THE INTERSPACE VIDEOSCREEN, THAT IS DECEPTICON TRIPLE CHARGER ASTROTRAIN.
STATUS REPORT, ASTROTRAIN.
THE SITUATION HERE ON EARTH IS DETERIORATING... RAPIDLY.

THE SCRAPLETS INFECTION THAT MY TRIPLE CHANGER BROTHERS OCTANE...
...AND BLITZWING...
...AND OUR AUTOBOT PRISONER, BLASTER, AND I CONTRACTED UPON OUR ARRIVAL HERE,* IS SPREADING!
* AS SEEN LAST ISSUE.

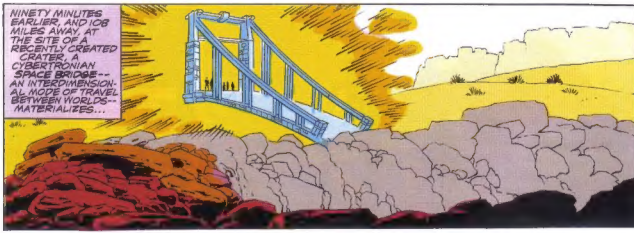

WE'VE RECOVERED THE SPACE FREIGHTER YOU DISPATCHED TO THIS PLANET, AND ARE READY TO DEPLOY ITS CARGO...

...AND I'M PREPARED TO ATTACH THIS DEVICE TO... APPROPRIATE HUMAN SUBJECT, AS PER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS...
...BUT ONLY IF YOU SEND US A CURE... AND QUICKLY! WITHOUT A CURE, WE'LL BE TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING!
WITHOUT A CURE, WE'LL DIE!
ASTROTRAIN SIGNING OFF.

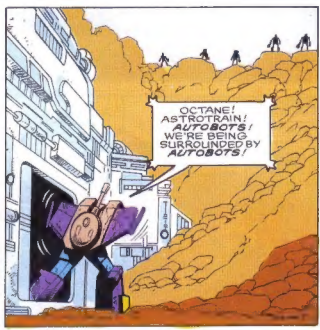
I AM UNWILLING TO RISK THE LIVES OF ANY MORE DECEPTICONS ON THIS OPERATION.
THAT'S WHY I HAD YOU AUTOBOTS CAPTURED--TO SEND YOU TO EARTH.
TO DELIVER THE CURE?
NO, FOOL! THE ONLY CURE IS A CHEMICAL SO RARE THAT ITS VERY EXISTENCE IS SUSPECT! BUT WHETHER THE ANCIENT LEGENDS ABOUT THIS SUBSTANCE ARE TRUE MATTERS NOT.
YOUR MISSION IS TO DESTROY ALL THOSE INFECTED!
YOU HAVE TEN EARTH HOURS. SHOULD YOU FAIL--AND DON'T THINK I WON'T FIND OUT-- I'LL TAKE MEASURES TO DESTROY ALL LIFE ON THAT PLANET... AND YOU FIVE ALONG WITH IT!
THE RISK OF A SCRAPLETS EPIDEMIC IS TOO GREAT. IT MUSTN'T BE ALLOWED TO SPREAD BEYOND EARTH!


SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTHWESTERN DESERT OF THE UNITED STATES, FATE HAS BROUGHT CHARLES FONG AND HIS BATTERED CAR TOGETHER BENEATH A BURNING AFTERNOON SUN...
...BUT THE CAR IS NOT HIS...
...NOR IS IT MERELY A CAR!.
WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR HOURS, GOLDBUG... I DON'T THINK I CAN DO THIS...MUCH LONGER.
CHARLIE, YOU MUST! I SWORE... I'D FIND THE CURE...FOR SCRAPLETS...AND GO BACK...AND SAVE BLASTER...
* SEE LAST ISSUE FOR MORE DETAILS.
...I CAN'T BETRAY A FELLOW...AUTOBOT!
YEAH, BUT YOU MADE THAT PROMISE... BEFORE YOU YOURSELF... BECAME INFECTED... AND TOO WEAK TO DRIVE!
WITHOUT WATER... I CAN'T GO ON...
VROOOMM
HEY--DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
IT SOUNDED LIKE... A CAR!
CHARLIE, DON'T LEAVE...
HOLY MACKEREL!

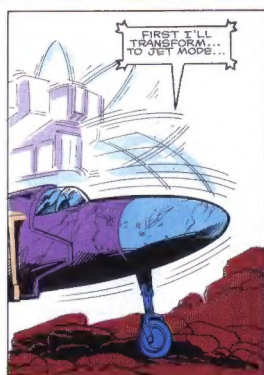
MINUTES LATER...
HEY, ERNIE! LOOK OVER THERE!
BLACKROCK
BLACKROCK
IT'S A MIGHTY HOT DAY FOR A STROLL THROUGH THE DESERT, JIM.
NEXT TIME STICK TO THE ASPHALT, MISTER. HERE, HAVE SOME WATER.
TH-THANKS.
SPLASH
HISSSS
PLINK
PLUNK
EH--?
WATER! I NEED MORE WATER-- M-MUST WASH MY CAR!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
WATER
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD WATER IS TO COME BY OUT HERE? WE HAVE TO HAVE ALL OF OUR'S TRUCKED IN!
THAT CAR SHOULDN'T BE WASHED. IT SHOULD BE JUNKED!
NO! LET ME GO!

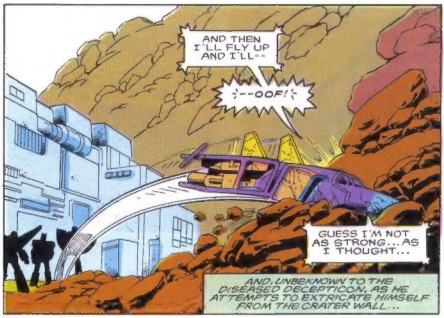

NINETY MINUTES EARLIER, AND 108 MILES AWAY, AT THE SITE OF RECENTLY-CREATED CRATER, A CYBERTRONIAN SPACE BRIDGE -- AN INTERDIMENSIONAL MODE OF TRAVEL BETWEEN WORLDS -- MATERIALIZES...

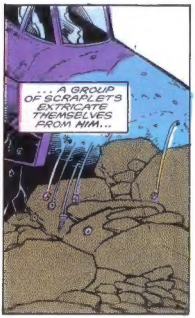
...AND, AFTER DISGORGING ITS TRAVELERS, THE THROT-TLEBOTS -- IT JUST AS QUICKLY VANISHES.
ALL RIGHT, YOU RUSTIN' BUNCH OF PISTON-PINCHERS, LET'S GET TO WORK! SPREAD OUT AROUND THE CRATER RIM AND PLACE THESE ACID CANISTERS!
ACCORDING TO RATBAT, THERE'S ENOUGH CORROSIVE POISON IN 'EM TO MAKE MOLTEN METAL SOUP OUTTA ANY LIFE IN THIS PIT!

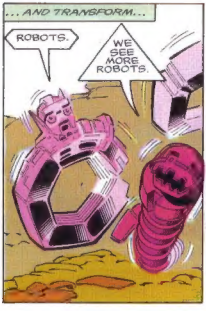

OCTANE! ASTROTRAIN! AUTOBOTS! WE'RE BEING SURROUNDED BY AUTOBOTS!

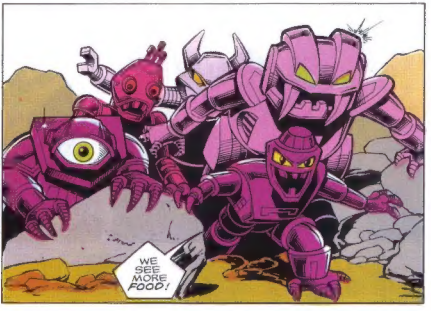
ARE... ARE THEY ATTACKING, BLITZWING?
I... DON'T INTEND TO WAIT... LONG ENOUGH, OCTANE... TO FIND OUT!

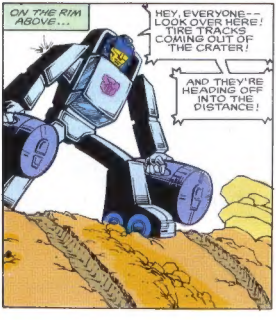

FIRST I'LL TRANSFORM... TO JET MODE...

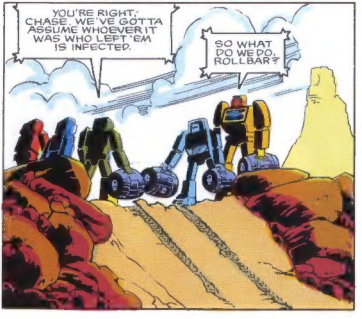

AND THEN I'LL FLY UP AND I'LL--
--OOF!
GUESS I'M NOT AS STRONG...AS I THOUGHT...
AND, UNBEKNOWN TO THE DISEASED DECEPTICON, AS HE ATTEMPTS TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF FROM THE CRATER WALL...


...A GROUP OF SCRAPLETS EXTRICATE THEMSELVES FROM HIM...

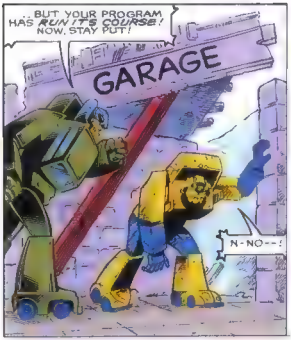

...AND TRANSFORM...
ROBOTS.
WE SEE MORE ROBOTS.

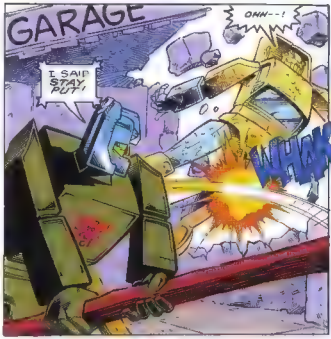

WE SEE MORE FOOD!

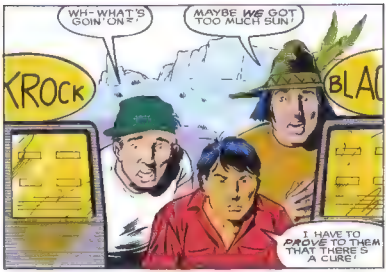

ON THE RIM ABOVE...
HEY, EVERYONE--LOOK OVER HERE! TIRE TRACKS COMING OUT OF THE CRATER!
AND THEY'RE HEADING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE!


YOU'RE RIGHT--CHASE, WE'VE GOTTA ASSUME WHOEVER IT WAS WHO LEFT 'EM IS INFECTED.
SO WHAT DO WE DO, ROLLBAR?

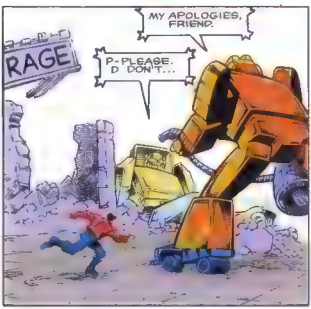
BEFORE SENDING US HERE, RATBAT MODIFIED US SO WE CAN TRANSFORM TO EARTHEN STYLE VEHICLES, IN ORDER TO HANDLE THE TERRAIN HERE.
LET'S TRY 'EM OUT, WIDE LOAD, AND FOLLOW THOSE TRACKS.
TAKE A CANISTER AND--
--ROLL OUT!
NINETY-THREE MINUTES LATER...
MISTER, CALM DOWN, YOU'RE DELIRIOUS! YOU GOT TOO MUCH SUN!
HANG ON TO HIM, ERNIE. A COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS JUST PULLED UP.
THAT MUST BE THE ONE WHO LEFT THE TRACKS!
AND HE'S CRAWLING WITH SCRAPLETS! YECCHH!
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!
WATER
LET'S PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY-- AND OURS-- AND GET THIS OVER WITH!
BUT, ROLLBAR-- HE LOOKS LIKE AN AUTOBOT!
I DON'T CARE IF HE'S THE PRIME MATRIX ITSELF!
TRANSFORM!
CAN I HELP Y-- OH!
I DOUBT IT, SOFT-SKIN!
BLACKROCK


...BUT YOUR PROGRAM HAS *RUNTS COURSE!* NOW, STAY PUT!
GARAGE
N-NO--!


GARAGE
I SAID STAY PUT!
OHH--!
WHAK


WH-WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
MAYBE *WE* GOT TOO MUCH SUN!
KROCK
BLA
I HAVE TO *PROVE* TO THEM THAT THERE'S A CURE!

MAYBE WITH THE HELP OF THESE SCRAPLETS KNOCKED LOOSE FROM GOLDBUG..


MY APOLOGIES, FRIEND.
RAGE
P-PLEASE. D DON'T...

SORRY, BUT--!
--YEEOWCH!
HEY, HUMAN, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?

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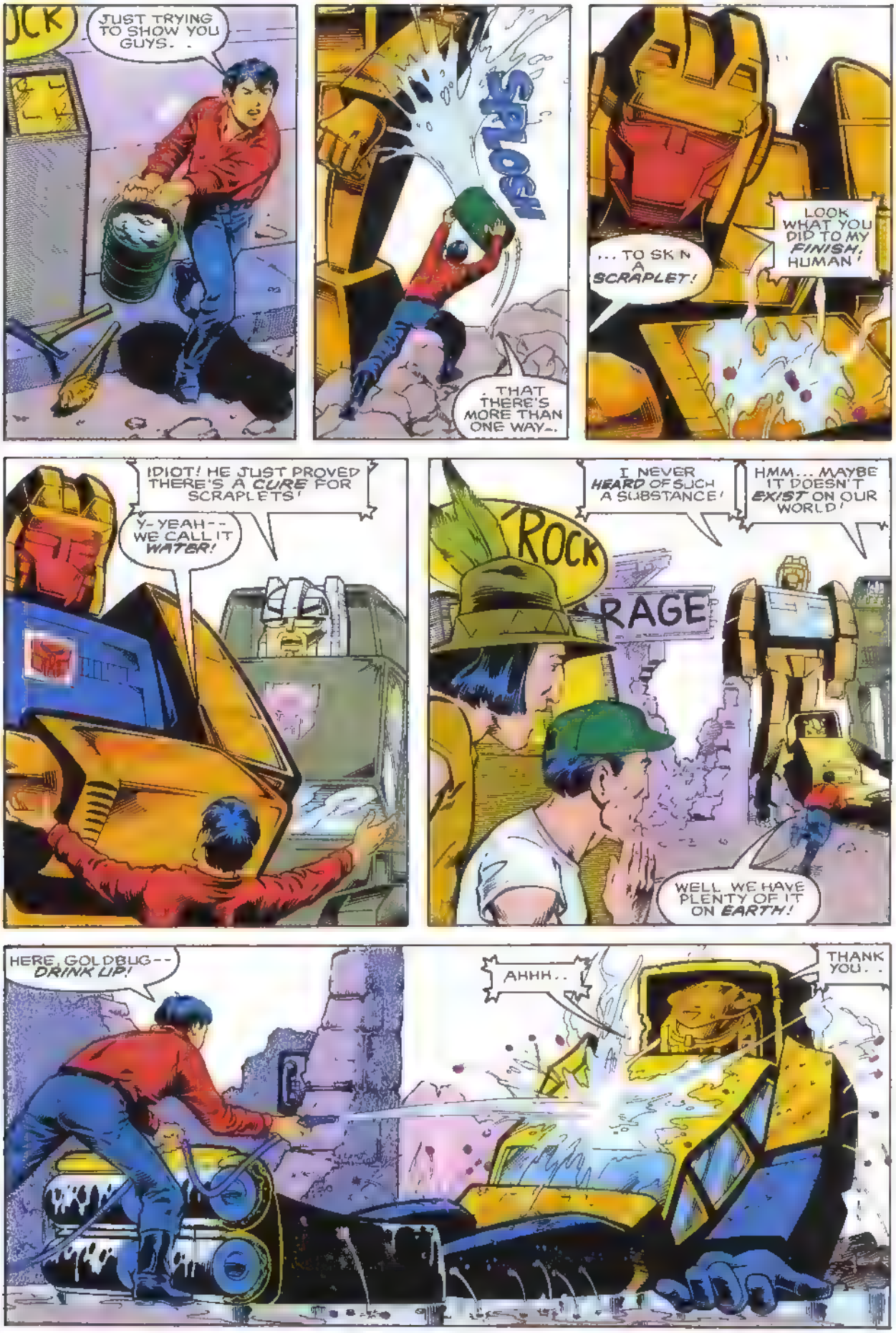
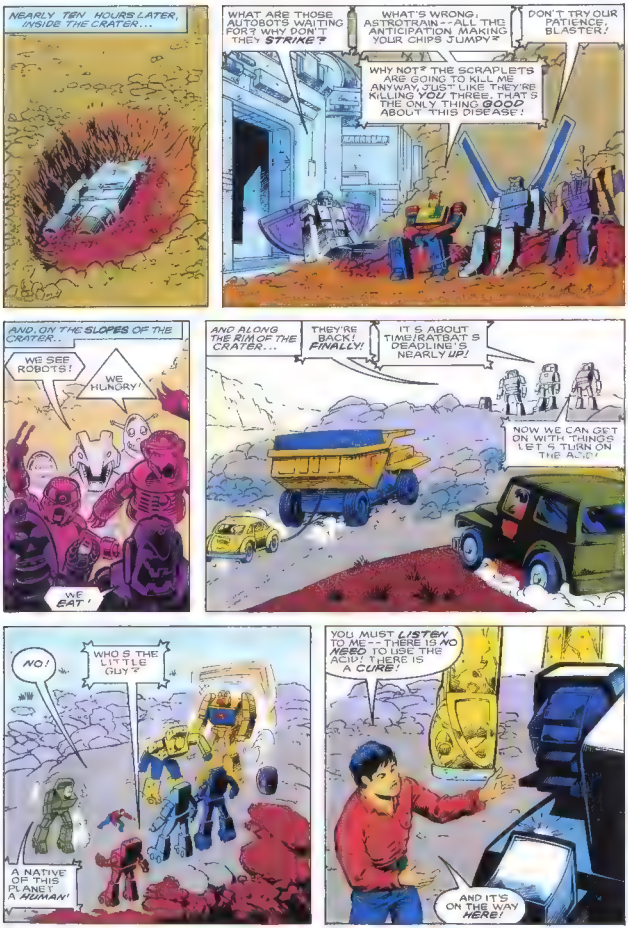
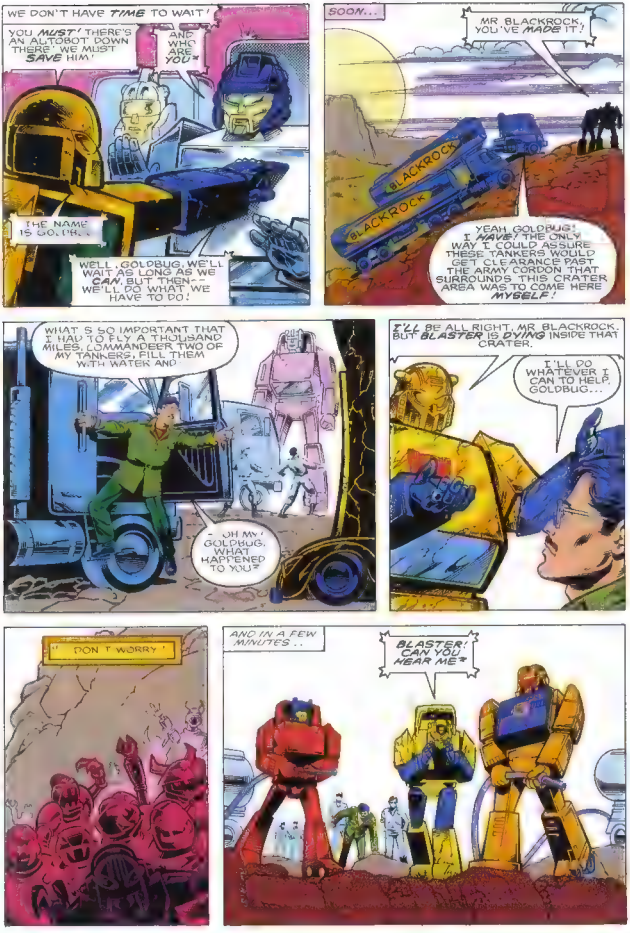
THE TRANSFORMERS

THROTTLEBOTS - ON THE MENU!


JCK
JUST TRYING TO SHOW YOU GUYS. .
SPLOSH
. THAT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY-.
... TO SK N A SCRAPLET!
LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO MY FINISH, HUMAN!
IDIOT! HE JUST PROVED THERE'S A CURE FOR SCRAPLETS!
Y-YEAH-- WE CALL IT WATER!
I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A SUBSTANCE!
HMM... MAYBE IT DOESN'T EXIST ON OUR WORLD!
ROCK
RAGE
WELL WE HAVE PLENTY OF IT ON EARTH!
HERE, GOLDBUG-- DRINK UP!
AHHH..
THANK YOU. .

CHARLIE FONG
SORRY I TRIED TO SLAG YOU A FEW MOMENTS AGO.
YEAH, NO HARD FEELINGS, OKAY?
WE WOULD'VE TALKED THINGS OVER FIRST IF WE WEREN'T UNDER SUCH A TIGHT DEADLINE.
A DEADLY DEADLINE!
WH- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
AND, AFTER ROLLBAR GIVES A BRIEF EXPLANATION OF THE THROTTLEBOTS' MISSION...
BUT YOU CAN'T GO BACK TO THAT CRATER AND DESTROY EVERYTHING IN IT!
HEY PAL--EITHER THAT CRATER GOES OR THIS WHOLE PLANET GOES!
BUT I SWORE I WOULD SAVE BLASTER!
HOW? WHERE CAN WE FIND THAT MUCH WATER IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT?
PARDON ME, HUMANS--DOES EITHER OF YOU KNOW THE PHONE NUMBER OF YOUR PARENT COMPANY'S CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS--BLACKROCK ENTERPRISES?
...B-BUT W-WE C-CAN LOOK IT UP, M-MR. ROBOT, SIR!
N-NO..
THIRTY SECONDS LATER ..
PHONE CALL FOR YOU, MR BLACKROCK, THE CALLER INSISTS IT'S URGENT!
SO? I'M A BUSY MAN. TELL HIM TO CALL OUR CUSTOMER COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT.
HE SAYS HIS NAME IS MR GOLDBERG
OH, EXCUSE ME - GOLDBUG!
GOLDBUG? PUT HIM THROUGH!
GOLDBUG! ISN'T IT ENOUGH I GAVE YOU AND YOUR PAL BLASTER DIRECTIONS TO THAT CRATER? * WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME NOW?!
WATER, MR. BLACKROCK, LOTS OF WATER! AND FAST!
* SEE LAST ISSUE.

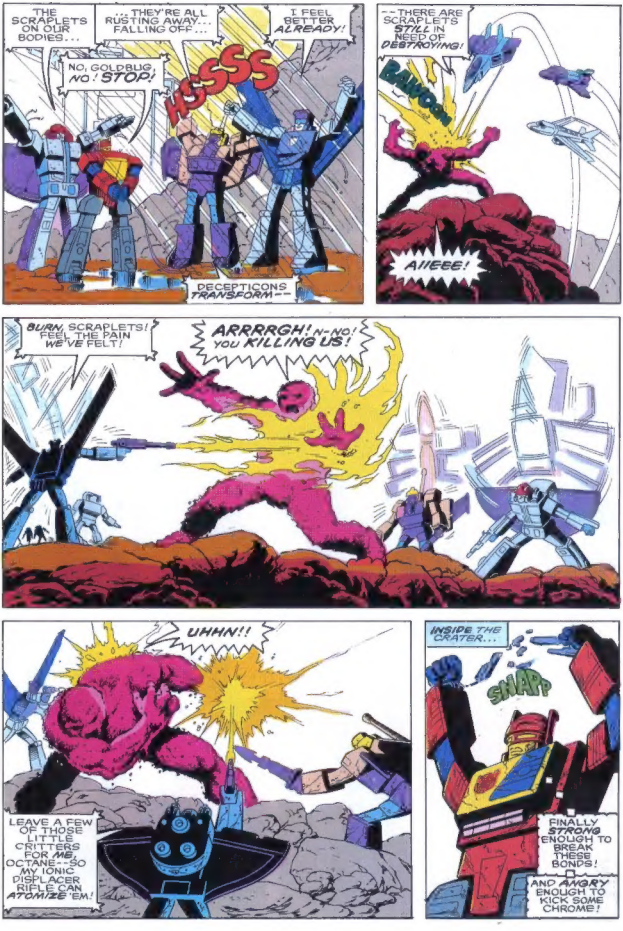

NEARLY TEN HOURS LATER, INSIDE THE CRATER...
WHAT ARE THOSE AUTOBOTS WAITING FOR? WHY DON'T THEY STRIKE?
WHAT'S WRONG, ASTROTRAIN--ALL THE ANTICIPATION MAKING YOUR CHIPS JUMPY?
DON'T TRY OUR PATIENCE, BLASTER!
WHY NOT? THE SCRAPLETS ARE GOING TO KILL ME ANYWAY, JUST LIKE THEY'RE KILLING YOU THREE. THAT'S THE ONLY THING GOOD ABOUT THIS DISEASE!
AND, ON THE SLOPES OF THE CRATER...
WE SEE ROBOTS!
WE HUNGRY!
WE EAT!
AND ALONG THE RIM OF THE CRATER...
THEY'RE BACK! FINALLY!
IT'S ABOUT TIME! RATBAT'S DEADLINE'S NEARLY UP!
NOW WE CAN GET ON WITH THINGS. LET'S TURN ON THE ACID!
NO!
WHO'S THE LITTLE GUY?
A NATIVE OF THIS PLANET, A HUMAN!
YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME--THERE IS NO NEED TO USE THE ACID! THERE IS A CURE!
AND IT'S ON THE WAY HERE!

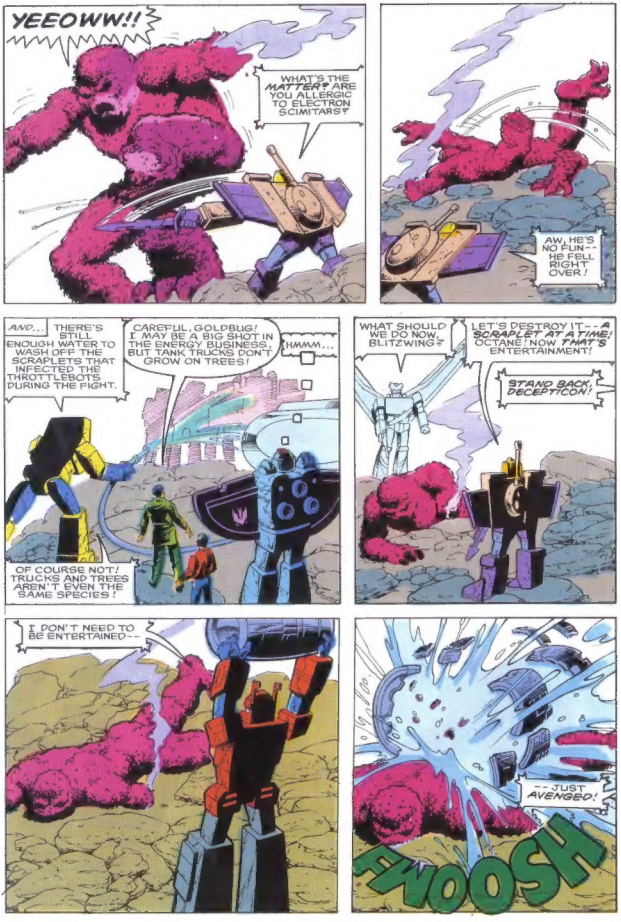

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WAIT!
YOU MUST! THERE'S AN AUTOBOT DOWN THERE. WE MUST SAVE HIM!
AND WHO ARE YOU?
THE NAME IS GOLDBUG.
WELL, GOLDBUG, WE'LL WAIT AS LONG AS WE CAN, BUT WE'LL DO WHAT WE HAVE TO DO!
SOON...
MR. BLACKROCK, YOU'VE MADE IT!
BLACKROCK
BLACKROCK
YEAH, GOLDBUG! I MADE IT! THE ONLY WAY I COULD ASSURE THESE TANKERS WOULD GET CLEARANCE PAST THE ARMY CORDON THAT SURROUNDS THIS CRATER AREA WAS TO COME HERE MYSELF!
WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT THAT I HAD TO FLY A THOUSAND MILES, COMMANDEER TWO OF MY TANKERS, FILL THEM WITH WATER AND--
--OH MY! GOLDBUG, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MR. BLACKROCK, BUT BLASTER IS DYING INSIDE THAT CRATER.
I'LL DO WHATEVER I CAN TO HELP, GOLDBUG...
"...DON'T WORRY."
AND IN A FEW MINUTES...
BLASTER! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

GOLDBUG? IS THAT YOU? YOU CAME BACK?
I HAVE A CURE, BLASTER! WE'RE PREPARING TO SPRAY IT ON YOU!
A... A CURE?
ALL RIGHT! IF HE CURES YOU, AUTOBOT, HE'LL HAVE TO CURE US, TOO!
OF COURSE, BLASTER WOULD WANT TO HELP US, TOO. NOW THAT WE'RE OLD FRIENDS.
...ISN'T THAT RIGHT, BLASTER?
LET THESE DECEPTICONS LIVE?
GOLDBUG! MY LIFE ISN'T IMPORTANT! RELEASE THE ACID!
BUT...BUT BLASTER--
NO DECEPTICON IS GOING TO FUNCTION FOR AN EXTRA NANOSECOND BECAUSE OF ME--
"--RELEASE THE ACID!"
GOLDBUG, WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF TIME.
WE MUST DO SOMETHING.
RELEASE... THE ACID.

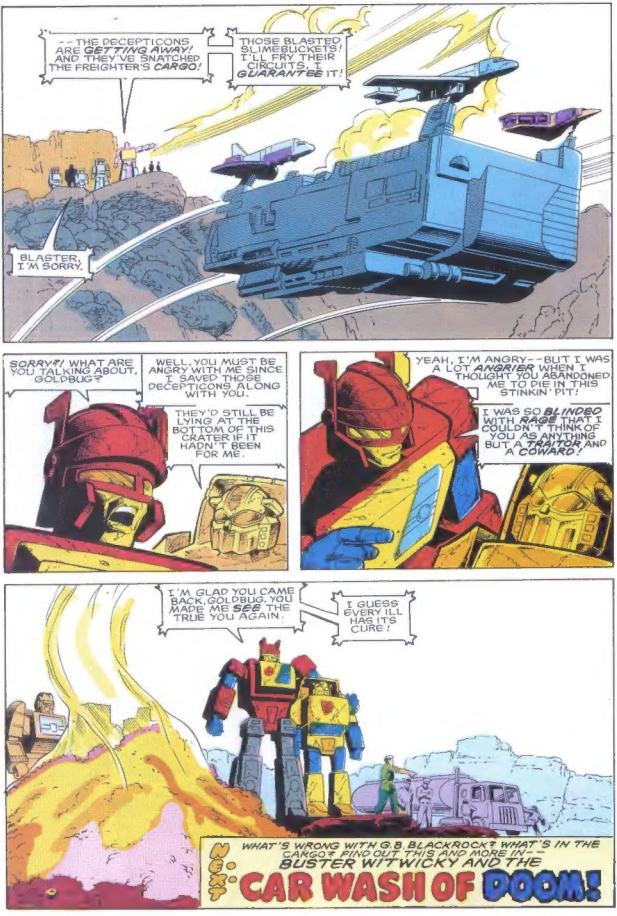
BUT SUDDENLY.
HUNGRY!!
WHAT'S THAT?!
IT'S... IT'S THE SCRAPLETS! SOMEHOW, THEY'VE MERGED!
LET'S SEE IF THIS WONDER-CURE WILL DE-MERGE THEM!
HEY
FOOD SHOULD NOT FIGHT!
BLACKROCK
SPLOSH
FOOD SHOULD BE EATEN!
YEEOW!
WHAK

BLASTER
KRUNK
HEY! THAT WAS MY TRUCK!
MORE IMPORTANTLY-- THAT ONLY LEAVES US WITH ONE OTHER TRUCK!
MR. BLACKROCK, AS THE ARMY'S REPRESENTATIVE, FOR YOUR SAFETY AND THAT OF THESE TWO DRIVERS, I SUGGEST WE USE THAT TRUCK TO GET OUT OF HERE IMMEDIATELY!
S-SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!
M-ME, TOO!
BUT SOMEONE ELSE HAS HIS OWN PLANS FOR THAT TRUCK...
THE SCRAPLETS MAKE AN EASIER TARGET MERGED LIKE THAT...BUT RATBAT SENT THE THROTTLEBOTS TO EARTH WITHOUT WEAPONS.
AND WITHOUT WEAPONS WE HAVE NO CHANCE AGAINST THAT THING!
AND I CAN'T RISK WASTING ANY MORE WATER ON IT.
BLA
BUT I KNOW SOME GUYS WHO DO HAVE WEAPONS!
SORRY, BLASTER, BUT I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO!


THE SCRAPLETS ON OUR BODIES...
THEY'RE ALL RUSTING AWAY... FALLING OFF...
I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
NO, GOLDBUG, NO! STOP!
HSSSS
DECEPTICONS TRANSFORM--
--THERE ARE SCRAPLETS STILL IN NEED OF DESTROYING!
BAM-OOM
AIIEEE!
BURN, SCRAPLETS! FEEL THE PAIN WE'VE FELT!
ARRRRGH! N-NO! YOU KILLING US!
UHHN!!
LEAVE A FEW OF THOSE LITTLE CRITTERS FOR ME, OCTANE--SO MY IONIC DISPLACER RIFLE CAN ATOMIZE 'EM!
INSIDE THE CRATER...
SNAP?
FINALLY STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THESE BONDS!
AND ANGRY ENOUGH TO KICK SOME CHROME!


YEEOWW!!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU ALLERGIC TO ELECTRON SCIMITARS?
AW, HE'S NO FUN-- HE FELL RIGHT OVER!
AND... THERE'S STILL ENOUGH WATER TO WASH OFF THE SCRAPLETS THAT INFECTED THE THROTTLEBOTS DURING THE FIGHT.
CAREFUL, GOLDBUG! I MAY BE A BIG SHOT IN THE ENERGY BUSINESS, BUT TANK TRUCKS DON'T GROW ON TREES!
HMMM...
OF COURSE NOT! TRUCKS AND TREES AREN'T EVEN THE SAME SPECIES!
WHAT SHOULD WE DO NOW, BLITZWING?
LET'S DESTROY IT-- A SCRAPLET AT A TIME! OCTANE? NOW THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!
STAND BACK, DECEPTICON!
I DON'T NEED TO BE ENTERTAINED--
-- JUST AVENGED!
FWOOSH

I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH. NOW I CAN GET BACK TO WORK!
NOT SO QUICK, FLESHLING. FROM WHAT I'VE OVERHEARD, YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
FWIPP
HUH?
ASTROTRAIN'S DEVICE LANDS UNNOTICED...
PLOP
...AND THE LIGHTS IT FLASHES FLICKER ALL TOO BRIEFLY, LESS THAN A SECOND, TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.
EVEN G.B. BLACKROCK DOESN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED.
NOT AT THE MOMENT, ANYWAY...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. BLACKROCK?
UH, YEAH, I THINK SO.
TOO MUCH SUN, I GUESS.
WE MUST GET YOU BACK HOME THEN. QUICKLY.
GOLDBUG, FORGET HIM, LOOK--!


--THE DECEPTICONS ARE GETTING AWAY! AND THEY'VE SNATCHED THE FREIGHTER'S CARGO!
THOSE BLASTED SLIMEBUCKETS! I'LL FRY THEIR CIRCUITS, I GUARANTEE IT!
BLASTER, I'M SORRY.
SORRY?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, GOLDBUG?
WELL, YOU MUST BE ANGRY WITH ME SINCE I SAVED THOSE DECEPTICONS ALONG WITH YOU.
THEY'D STILL BE LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS CRATER IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME.
YEAH, I'M ANGRY--BUT I WAS A LOT ANGRIER WHEN I THOUGHT YOU ABANDONED ME TO DIE IN THIS STINKIN' PIT!
I WAS SO BLINDED WITH RAGE THAT I COULDN'T THINK OF YOU AS ANYTHING BUT A TRAITOR AND A COWARD!
I'M GLAD YOU CAME BACK, GOLDBUG. YOU MADE ME SEE THE TRUE YOU AGAIN.
I GUESS EVERY ILL HAS IT'S CURE!
NEXT: WHAT'S WRONG WITH G.B. BLACKROCK? WHAT'S IN THE CARGO? FIND OUT THIS AND MORE IN... BUSTER WITWICKY AND THE CAR WASH OF DOOM!